

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Poetry.

DEATH'S WINTER.

The earth now sleeps its winter sleep,
It is robes in mantle of white snow,
Gently and softly swathed its hour,
And signed its mounding good-night.

Friends who sleep their winter sleep
Leave their vigils night and day,
We saw them so surely passing away,
They were all gone.

They were all gone, and low and low!
Mantled and chilled, yet not with snow.

Softly the sparkling diamonds came
In the forest bare and lone;

On the mountain's crest the breezes break,
And whispering lone notes held the trees,

The falling snow came down.

Gently the icy hand was laid
On that maiden's cheek, her brow,

With a kiss she blushed in playful glee,
Had set their seals on her sweet young life—

Where is that girl?—and now?

Mantled and chilled, yet not with snow.

Long it lay, O weary earth!

And heavy lay the burden of snow,

Like a shroud upon the crest, like a crest,

Like a stricken bane on its mother's breast,

Has hewed groans and still!

And low our rest our cherished ones!

The birds have flown from loving eyes,

That dulls our sense to our passing grief,

Cold and cold, and low and low!

Mantled and chilled, yet not with snow.

Long it lay, O weary earth!

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Like a shroud upon the crest, like a crest,

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